## Boy's Sis

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By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, Author of "The King in Yellow," "The Red Republic," "A King and a Few Dukes," etc.

Garland's profession took him to Ten lunged after it, flopping into the pools the pages of Wilson on Hybrids to note icate winged moths that sought her Pin Corners. His profession was to and frightening the lurking trout until the progress of the pink spot in the chamber lamp as she bent over Tip's collect butterflies for the Natural His- Garland was obliged to substitute a distant pasture. tory Museum of New York. "Uncle yellow fly in self defense. But the Billy," who kept the Constitution hotel at Ten Pin Corners, thought "bug for the fly, missed it, leaped again to this: "There can be no doubt that hyhuntin'" was a "dampoor bizness, even fur a dood,"—and perhaps it was—but that is none of your business or mine.

Garland lived at the Gentling bus while cent held the business for mine.

There can be no doubt that ny-dusk while centa held the business land the great sphinx moths hover the pinks. There can be no doubt that ny-dusk while centa held the business while centa held the business for mine.

There can be no doubt that ny-dusk while centa held the business while centa held the business for mine.

There can be no doubt that ny-dusk while centa held the business for more than the business and the great sphinx moths hove the continuous properties. Nymphalis Ephestion, exist in the local sphin and the great sphinx moths hove the continuous properties. Garland lived at the Constitution ho- down the brook, casting ahead into the calities frequented by these species. In butterflies clung to the late lilacs, and tel. The hotel did small honor to its name, in fact it would have ruined any other constitution. It was ruining Garland's by degrees, but a man of twen-ty-five doesn't notice such things. So Garland swallowed his salarates frequented by these species. In stream, sometimes catching his fly in the little village of Ten Pin Corners Professor Wormly discovered an unhance of the larcenous maneuvers of some fat frog, and now and then land-his was unable to capture or describe."

This was what Wilson had to say on he felt it and wondered whether it was among the perfumed mire where it was a manufacture of the latter where the little village of Ten Pin Corners the litt Garland swallowed his saleratus bis- among the perfumed mint, where it hybrids cuits and bolted pork and beans, and flopped until a merciful tap on the nose was very glad that he was alive

Ten Pin Corners over the bar at the moss-lined creel. Constitution hotel-it being a temperworth living.

stove and denounced woman's suffrage its giddy flight. -when Cy Pettingil, whose wife was obliged to sign his name for him, agreed profanely-when the Hon. Hanford Perkins, A. P. A., demonstrated the wickedness of Catholicism, and proffered vague menaces against Rome, Garland conscientiously repressed

"They are my countrymen, God bless 'em," he thought, smiling upon the free-born.

Uncle Billy's felonious traffic in the j'yful juice," did not prevent his attendance at town meeting, nor his enthusiastic voice against local option. "I ain't no dum fool," he observed to Garland, "let the wimmen hev their

"But don't you think," suggested Garland, "that a liberal law would be

"Naw," replied Uncle Billy. "But don't you think even a poor law should be observed until wise legislation can find a remedy?' "Naw," said Uncle Billy, and closed

the subject. Sometimes Uncle Billy would comout on the verandah where Garland was sitting in the sun, fussing over some captured caterpillar. His invarfable salute was, "More bugs? Gosh!" Once he brought Garland a cockroach, and suggested the bar-room as a new and interesting collecting ground, but Garland explained that his business did not include such augean projects,

and the thrifty old man was baffled. "What's them bugs good fur?" he demanded at length. Garland explained but Uncle Billy never got over the impression that Garland's real business was the advertising of Persian Powder. Most of the prominent citizens of Ten Pin Corner came to Garland to engage swear. his services as potato-beetle exterminator, measuring-worm destroyer, and general annihilator of mosquitos, and to each in turn he carefully explained

what his profession was They were skeptical-sometimes sarcastic. One thing, however, puzzled them; he had never been known to try to sell anybody Persian Powder, for, possessed with the idea that he some new species of drummer, they found this difficult to reconcile with their suspicions

"Bin a-buggin', hain't ye?" was the usual salute from the free-born whom he met in the fields; and when Garland smiled and nodded, the free-born would expectorate and chuckle, "Oh, yew air slick, Mister Garland, yew're more'n a Yankee than I be.'

Ten Pin Corners was built along both sides of the road; the Constitution hotel stood at one extremity of the main street, the postoffice at he other. Garland once asked why the place was called Ten Pin Corners, and Uncle Billy told him a lie about its having been named from his, Uncle Billy's palatial ten pin alley.

Then why not Ten Pin Alley? asked Garland. "Cuz it ain't no alley," sniffed Uncle "But," persisted Garland, "why Cor-

'Becuz there hain't no corners," said Uncle Billy, evasively, and retired to his bar, thirsty and irritated. "Asks enough damfool que-estions t' set a man crazy," he confided to the Hon. Hanford Perkins: "I've hed drummers an' drummers at the Constitooshun, but I hain't seen nothin' tew beat

The Hon. Hanford Perkins looked at Uncle Billy and spat gravely upon the stove, and Uncle Billy spat also, to put himself on an equality with the

Hon, Hanford Perkins. Concerning the mendacity of Uncle Etlly there could be no question. Ten Pin Corners had been originally Ten Pines Corners. Half a mile from the terminus of the main street stood a low stone house, surrounded by ten gigantic pines, and from the four crossreads behind it, now long disused and hove 'r apple through his hat, though want his attention-now.' overgrown with grass and fireweed, that the village name degenerated from Ten Pines to Ten Pin.

Thither Garland was wont to go in pleasantly that the child listened to Garland quickly. the evenings, for the pines were the trysting places of moths-gray moths brown moths with gaudy orange under dow," he continued, with a trace of wings, rusty red moths flecked with sil- regret, "but I won't!" he cried in a brown moths with gaudy orange under dow," ver, nankeen yellow moths, the product of the measuring-worm, big fluffy moths, little busy moths, and moths that you and I know nothing about. The sap from the pines attracted some of these creatures, the lily garden in front of the stone house attracted others, and the whole combination attracted Garland. Also there lived in

the stone house a boy's sister. One afternoon when Uncle Billy's continued expectoration and Cy Pettingil's profanity had driven Garland from the hotel, he wandered down into a fragrant meadow, butterfly net in one hand, trout rod in the other, and pockets stuffed with cyanide jar, fly-hook, sandwiches and Wilson on Hybrids.

The stream was narrow and deep, for the most part flowing silently between level banks fragrant with mint and scented grass; but here and there a small moss-grown dam choked the current into a deeper pool below, into which poured musical waterfalls.

There were trout there, yellow, speckled, and greedy, but devious in their ways, and uncertain as April mornings. There were also frogs there, solemn green ones that snapped at the arti-ficial flys and came out of the water

"Je ne me sens jamais plus seul que often sat for hours watching them half les watched it for a moment, quietly were occasionally seen in Highfield refilling his pipe, then dropped his rod ami."—Maupassant.

He watched it for a moment, quietly were occasionally seen in Highfield refilling his pipe, then dropped his rod and net upon the turf, and threw him-

sent its vital spark into Nirvana and give \$50 to capture one of these hy- enough to the tethered kid and the He had met the male population of its crimson flecked body into Garland's

Once or twice he dropped his rod in ance state—and there he had listened the grass to net some conceited butto their views on all that makes life terfly that flaunted its charms before the serious-minded clover bees, but he He tried to love his fellow country-men. When Orrin Hayes spat upon the and the butterfly was left to pursue

> As he passed, walking lightly on the flowering turf, the big black crickets sang to him, the katydids scraped for him, and the grasshoppers, big and little, brown, green and yellow hopped out of the verdure before him, a tiny escort of outriders. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the afteroon when he came to the last pool, before the meadow brook flows silently into the woods where slim black

On the bank of the pool sat a beauthe current. "Hello," said Garland, "you ought to

be in school, Tip. The boy looked at Garland through gilded tangled curls. "Can't you see I'm fishing?" he said in a whisper. "I see," said Garland, "but you know your sister wouldn't allow it. Why did you stay away from school, Tip?"

The angelic eyes were lowered a moment, then the boy carefully raised his oole, and, seeing the bait intact, dropped it into the water again. "Bill Himerson biffed me," said the

"If Willy Timerson struck you, you should not stay away from school," he said: "did you-er-hit him back?"

"Did you?" repeated Garland, repressing a smile.
"Heu! Why, Mister Garland, slammed that d-n mug of his-"Tip!" said Garland.

The boy hung his head and looked at the cork. Garland sat down beside him and lighted his pipe. After a moment he said: "Tip, thought you promised me not to

The boy was silent. "Did you?" said Garland. "Yes," replied the boy, sullenly. Well? persisted Garland.

'I lied." said the boy. 'You forgot," said Garland quietly, you don't lie, Tip."
The boy looked at him shyly, then turned to his cork again. "Tip," said Garland, "what do you

think of these?" he opened his creel and Tip looked in. 'Hell!" said the child softly. "What!" interrupted Garland. "There!" said Tip calmly, "I lied

again; lam me one in the snoot, Mister Garland. Garland touched the boy lightly on the ferehead. "You will try," he said,

cried the child fervently, "I Garland called it to him. will, Mr. Garland, so help me-I mean,

added, "I-I brought you a green worm lia -here it is." obliged, Tip; where did you get it?"

you're loony."
"What," laughed Garland. "Solemn," continued the child, "he

can't work. "The Hon. Hanford Perkins, Tip?

asked Garland, laughing frankly. "Yep, ole Perkins hisself." "To whom did he eulogize me, Tip!

"What, sir?" "To whom did he say this?" 'To sister-an' Celia turned her back n him; I seen it. Are you loony?" Garland was laughing, but managed

"That's what I said," said Tip scowling at the water, "and I said you'd kick the hel-you'd kick the stuffins outen him if he said it much nore. Will you, Mr. Garland?"
"I-I don't know?" said Garland, trying to control his mirth, "you mustn't say that sort of thing, you know, Tip."
"I knew it," said Tip, resignedly, "

with pink and black under wings, man be-I was plannin' to bust a win-

climax of plous resignation.
Garland watched a distant butterfly critically for a moment, then picked up his rod and creel and shook the ashes from his pipe.
"Goin' to see Cis?" inquired Tip.

"Hem! Hum! I-er-may pass by that way," replied Garland. 'You won't tell her that I smashed Bill Timerson?' course not." said Garland, that's for you to tell her.'

across the meadow.

they look so naked and indecent." Oth- looked out over the pasture. A spot of lard, the hero of the lachrymose melo-erwise Garland was fond of frogs; he grayish-pink was moving down there. drama, "Honor," and his photographs

That afternoon he had put on a scar- self on the ground beside them. From

brids-I wender what Celia is doing in Maltese cat, to the drifting swallows hybrid; it may only have been a va- side the well-sweep. It was simple and has finished milking; now it's the Jer- birds-yes, to the tireless crickets sey's turn. I should like to see a hybrid of Arthemis and—hello! Celia has finished, I fancy." Then he laid down his book and carefully retied his neck-

When Celia arrived and placed her milk pail on the porch, Garland jumped to his feet with hypocritical

"You are milking early," he said; "did you just come from the pasture?"
The girl looked at her pail and nodded. The sunlight gilded her arms, bare to the shoulder, and glittered in trout lurk under submerged rocks and mosquitoes swoop thankfully upon the hair. She had her brother's soft blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes, but the beauty of her mouth was indescribatiful boy watching a cork floating with ble. Garland, as usual, offered to take the milk pail, and she, as usual, firmly

"You never let me," he said, "I wanted to bring it up from the pasture, but I knew what you'd say." "Then you saw me in the pasture?"

"Er-er-yes," he admitted. "I saw you, too," she said, and sat lown in the red sunlight under the Garland sat down also, and made an dle pass at a white butterfly with his

"Have you caught any new butter-flies today?" she asked, bending to tie her shoestring. 'No, nothing new." he answered.

She straightened up, brushed a drop or two of milk from the hem of her pink skirt, passed a slim hand over her viting oysters. The Hon Hanford Perhair lightly with her fingers.
"Last night," she said, "a great

lamp. I caught him for you.'

She had picked up a few phrases ly stimulus of Uncle Billy's "j'yful rom Garland and used them with pret- juice." he condescended to address the ty conscientiousness

'No," said Garland, "not very rarebut I will keep this one." "I caught some more, too," inued, "a yellow miller-

"Moth. Celia." "Miller-moth-'No-a moth-'

"A yellow moth," she continued seenely, "that had eyes on its wings." "Saturnia Io," said Garland. "Io," repeated the girl softly,

"It is rare here. I will keep it." The Maltese cat lifted its voice and rying to conceal the despair in his rubbed its arched back against the milk pail. Its name was Julia, and

ross my heart." After a moment he porch; she is only teasing," said Ce-

But Julia's voice was sustained and into the shade. 'Hello! A Smerinthus, eh? Much piercing, and Garland rose laughing and poured a few drops of warm fresh "Sister found it on the piazza—she said mebbe you'd want it," replied the child lifting his line again; "say, Mis- priciousness; she sniffed at the milk, ter Garland, Squire Perkins says walked around it twice, touched the saucer playfully, patted a stray leaf with velvet paw, and then suddenly pretending that she was in danger of says you was onct a book agent or a instant annihilation from some impenddrummer, but you're looney now and ing calamity, pranced into the middle of the lawn, crooked her tail, rushed half way up a tree-trunk, slid back with swollen tail and ears flattened.
Garland went back to his seat on the turf. "It is the way of the world."

ne said gaily. Celia picked up a pine cone and sniffed daintily at the dried apex. "Julia was not hungry; wanted attention," he added. "Some people are hungry for attention, too-and never get it," said Ce-

was common gossip among the freeborn who congregated about the saliva that bunch of whiskers on your chin stricken stove at Uncle Billy's or sat on again.

"No, not of him, but of his injustice," she said quietly.

subject—he never knew just how it expectorated and leaned on the bar, came about. Perhaps his interest in but no amount of ejected saliva could Tip had moved her to the confidence, re-establish him in his own estimation it could be called a confidence, for -he felt this bitterly. all the free-born were unbidden particirants in the secret. The story was after a moist silence, and rubbed his commonplace enough. When Celia was red hand over his chin. "I'll hev the sixteen, four years back, she lived with law onto him," he repeated; but Uncle an elect uncle in the manufacturing Billy was non-commital, town of Highfield, forty miles down the "Gimme a little bug-juice," said Cy, "I won't," said the child doggedly.
"Very well," said Garland, walking more repertoire than cash, stranded at Bowles opera house and drifted back tentatious carelessness— "I'm dry, "I will tell." Mr. Garland!" he called cross the meadow.
"All right, Tip," answered Carland ton. One member of the company, however, did not drift back. His name was Clarence Minster and he said he had found salvation, which was the had found salvation, which was the had found salvation. clawed him into the fold and having cleansed his soul, gave him a job to Before Garland came in sight of the cleanse the stable at very few dollars low stone house he caught the fra-grance of the lilies. The sun glittered low on the horizon, long luminous of her own. So Clarence Minster first shadows stretched over meadow and ran away with her and then with most he was aware of a light touch on his pasture, and a thin blue haze floated of her \$500. Unfortunately the mar-high among the feathery tops of the riage was legal, and the uncle, impines about the house. A white nanny placable, so Celia took her brother Tip ficial flys and came out of the water with slim limbs outstretched and belief ly glistening.

"It's like pulling up some nude dwarf, when they grab the fly," wrote Garding land to his chief in New York, "really looked out over the basture. A snot of lard, the hero of the lard, was about the house. A white nanny goat of tender age, tethered on the veling of tender age, tethered on the veling on the velic on the velic on the velic on the other, and went to her dead parent's home, the stone house at Ten in one hand, and a thinned-out pocket-beck in the other, and went to her dead parent's home, the stone house at Ten parent's home, the other, and went to her dead parent's home, the other age of the large parent's home, the other age of the look in the other, and the other, and the large parent's home, the other age of the look in the other, and the large parent's home, the other age of the large parent's home, the other age of the large parent's home,

let ibis fly, and the frogs plunged and time to time he raised his eyes from listen to Garland, and to bring him delpatched clothes. Something also was This was what Wilson had to say on he felt it and wondered whether it was love. Perhaps Celia could have told This was what Garland thought: "I'd him, I don't know, but it was plain the pasture? It may not have been a and the orioles in the linden trees bethat's what she's doing. Still Wormly at the bars, to the Jersey staring stolought to know what he's about. Celia idly at Celia, to the robins, the hedge chirping from every tussock. Now whether or not it was equally

plain to Tip as he came trudging up the gravel walk, I do not know. He said, "Hello, Cis," and came and kissed her—a thing he did not often do voluntarily. "I smashed Bill Timer-son in the jaw," he continued, "and he old the teacher ,and I dasn't go back.' Then he glanced humbly at Garland. Celia had tears in her eyes, and she also turned instinctively to Garland. "Speak to him, please," she said, "I can do nothing."

"Yes you can," said Tip- "you and Mr. Garland together. I've told him." "Tip will go back to school tomorrow," said Garland, "and take his thrashing. Tip looked doubtful.

"And," continued Garland, "as Bill Timerson is older and stronger than Tip, Tip will continue to punch him vhenever assaulted." "Oh—oh!" pleaded Celia.
"Let him," said Garland, smiling.

Tip threw his arms around his sister's neck and kissed her again, and she held him tightly to her milk-stained apron. "Mr. Garland knows," she whispered, 'my darling, try to be good."

Garland leaned back in his chair in the dingy bar-room of the Constitution hotel. His abstracted gaze wandered back from Uncle Billy to framed chromo on the wall, a faithful reproduction of some catsup bottles, a boiled lobster and a platter of unincrumpled apron, and leaned back against the tree trunk, touching her ling for half an hour. For years, like Peffer, he had been telling the government what to do, but his patience, ungreen miller-moth came around the like Peffer's, was exhausted, and now he had decided to let the country go "A Luna," he said, "thank you, Ce- to the devil. He wrote no more letters to the Highfield Banner, he sulked, and . "Luna," she repeated gravely, "is he an ungrateful country never even knew it. At times, however, under the kind-

freeborn in the bar-room of the Constitution hotel. He was doing it now, He had touched upon silver with the elephantine dexterity of a Populist, he had settled the tariff to the satisfaction of Ten Pin Corners, he spoke of the folly of maintaining a navy, and dismissed the army with a masterly sarcasm in which the phrase, "fuss'n feathers," was dwelt upon. Uncle Billy, in the popular attitude of a cherub, elbows on the bar, gazed at him with indisguised admiration. Cy Pettingil, fearful that he was not on an equality with the drummer in the corner, spat upon the stove until he was. Then the frummer told an unclean story which was a success, but the Hon. Hanford "Julia has a saucer of milk on the Perkins, feeling slighted at the loss of attention, told a scandalous bit of gossip which threw the drummer's story

Garland stirred restlessly, and opened Wilson on Hybrids again. He had been reading for a moment or two when a name caught his ear, and he closed his book and raised his eyes. The Hon. Hanford Perkins was

speaking, and Garland leaned over and touched his coat sleeve. "You are speaking of a woman," he said, "that is not the tone to use nor is this the place to discuss any wo-

"Hey?" said the Hon. Hanford, with a laugh, and laughed at Uncle Billy. "I guess he can say what he dam pleases in my house," said Uncle Billy, expectorating, "the girl's not yourn."
"The girl," added Cy Pettingil,

a damned little-" Then Garland took Cy Pettingli by the throat, swung him around the room twice, and kicked him headlong into the billiard table, under which Pettingil hastily scrambled.

said Garland to the Hon. Garland knew what she meant. It Hanford Perkins, "do you want to follow Pettingil? If you do, just wag

g to control his harmony gray that sort of thing, you know, Tip.

"I knew it," said Tip, resignedly, "I want his attention—now."

"No," she said indifferently, "I do not want it now—it is too late."

"Then Garland explained to Tip all about the deference due to age, but so about the deference due to age, but so Garland quickly.

"Then don't let's think about it," said fascinated stare, and his jaw slowly dropped. The Hon, Hanford Perkins cast one amazed glance at Pettingil, another at Uncle Billy, and waddled majestically out into the street.

When Garland had picked up his book and left the hotel, Cy Pettingil crawled from beneath the billiard ta-They had talked sometimes on the ble and approached Uncle Billy. He

"I'll git the law on him," he said

"Naw," said Uncle Billy, scornfully, and retired to the depths of the bar. Garland walked slowly down the road

"I-I was in the hallway of the ho-

Continued on Page 6.

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